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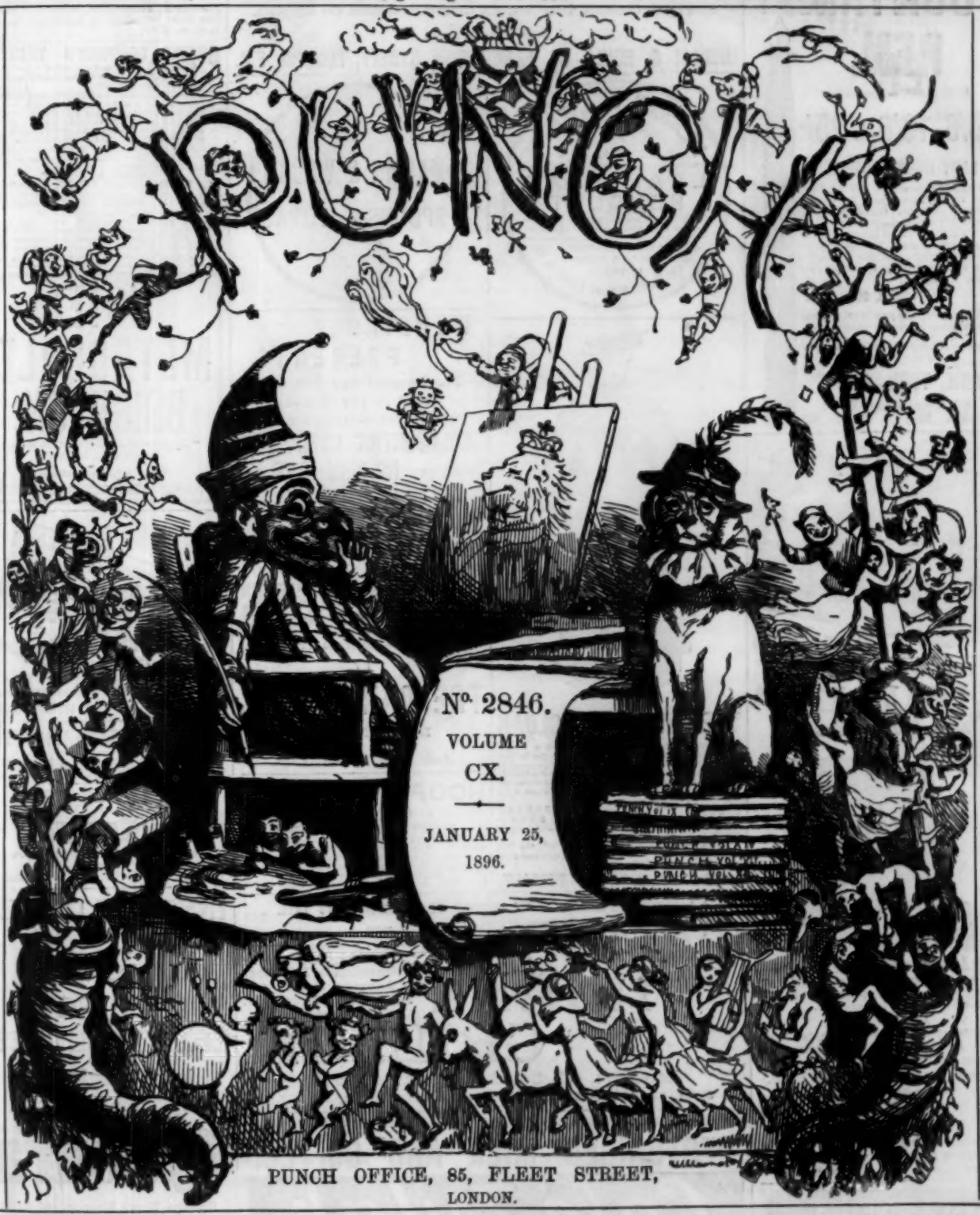

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

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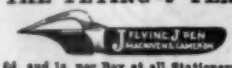

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Supreme young Poet (the third that has appeared this week). "MYSELF."

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(*By "Hansom Jack."*)

No. XIII.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS ON THE ROAD—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—TIPS AND NIPS—TOFFY TINDAL'S TALE—MORAL FOR MUNIFICENCE.

"'OLIDAYS? Fudge!" grumbles old BILLY BOGER, wropped up like a turtle, and toasting 'is back
At our bit of a fire, Christmas Day in the morning. "Wot's 'olidays mean to a 'usky old 'ack,
A stiff 'un like me, without ne'er a old stockin' for old Santa Wot's it to fill full o' toys?
'Olidays? Gammon! They don't *mean* not nuffin', 'cept perks to the toppers and larks to the boys."

Bilious old BILLY is sour but not silly. 'E stretches a bit, but there's truth in 'is talk.
Wot *is* Merry Christmas to BILL's crippled gal, with a cough like a creak and a face like grey chalk;
Who spends the great day with penwipers and pincushions, grinding away at a few bob a gross,
And wolfing 'er sassige and mashed without stopping? To drop it, to 'er, would be no mighty loss.

Nevertheless, while you're young, straight, and 'ealthy, the crush of the 'oliday-makers all round,
Though *you're* nailed to your box, makes the world a bit warmer. There's that in the scuffle and buzzy-wuz sound
Of a number of people a flocking together, for 'olidays, shoppin', a fog, *or* a fire,
As makes you less lonesome, though you may be out of it. Can't quite say why. P'r'aps some gent will inquire.

So *I* like Christmas-time, spite of old BILLY, who calls it all bungaroo-bosh; poor old crock!
Lor', the rum cab-loads one 'as at this season! Full from the floor to the cab-roof, plum-chock,
With some olly leaves tickling yer nose through the trap if you take a sly peep at the party inside,
With seventeen bundles, a cart, and a rockin'-'orse, swellin' like six with good-nature and pride.

Give me the gents for good fares and a tip or so. Ladies—lord love 'em!—sweet, sour, young or old, [though silver was gold.
Go mostly "according to COCKER" with cabbies. They 'andle their purse as
And copper was silver. Their neat-kidded fingers, though tiny and trim, 'ave no end of a grip, [a tip.
And not one in ten on 'em reckons 'er bundles kerrect, or is moved to give Cabby

Lydies not bizness-like? Bless yer, the beauties just beat Mister Man at that game by a mile. [smile,
See a small fist twisted round a port-money, a pair o' red lips, as look made for a
Snap sharp upon "That's your right fare, Cabman!" Scissors! Nutcrackers not in it for nip with she-jaws.
And grumbling's about as much good against females as fists against granite, or tears against laws.

The worst o' the gents is, they will ply the liquor so! Don't mind a weed now and then, good *or* bad [awfully 'ad).
(And some of the toffs must buy tuppenny duffers, or be by their 'baccoynists
But seventeen whiskies took on *seriatum* will tell on the toughest; and then such a mix, [a fix.
From Port to Old Tom, as you get at this season!—it puts sober coves in a bit of

To take 'alf the neat New Year nips out in tuppences, that would suit Cabbies, and likewise their wives. [strives.
London, you see's a 'ard place to keep sober in, special at Christmas, 'owever one
That form of convivialness known as "treating," to cabbies *and* others is just a fair cuss,
Lots will stand you free drinks all the evening, and yet if you're broke for a tanner will raise a big fuss.

Rum thing, 'uman friendship! It often sticks close to mere self as its shadder. For what *can* you think
Of a "jolly good pal" whose sole notion of 'elping a stoney-broke chum is to—stand 'im a drink?
Just feels disposed for a booze-mate, that's all, for a lot of big laps don't like lapping alone, [a 'eart like a stone.
And there's many a swaggersome treater-all-round who, away from the bar, 'as

So gents, remember when dealing with Cabby, and Bobby, and others at 'oliday time.
Free standing of drinks isn't always a kindness, is frequent most selfish, and sometimes a crime
Wish you 'ud known TOFFY TINDAL! Ah, TOFFY, old pal, it is many long years since you died, [at my side?
But wouldn't I relish a crack with you now, or a rattle up west, lad, with *you*

Smart as they made 'em, and 'earty and gamesome, a swell—for those days before FORDER—sound through,
Except *in the throttle!* Once flush that with liquor *too* much, and poor TOFFY was in for a screw.

Fought it, 'e did, with 'is pooty wife aiding, and me,—well, *I* didn't shirk 'elping, you bet.
'Appy days! 'Appy days! We was young, 'earty, 'opeful; and 'olidays *then*—ah! I think of 'em yet,

Especial that Christmas when TOFFY's young missus 'ad brought 'im a present,—'e called it a doll.
Along of its yellow-topped fluffiness. TOFF was as proud as two Punches, and so was 'is POLL.
As luck would 'ave it the night afore Christmas we drove, TOFF and me did, a couple o' fares
Both going out Balham way. Lor! 'ow we chatted and laughed as—quite friendly—we raced our two mares.

TOFF got the lead, and turned off at a corner. I 'eard 'im a shouting for full arf a mile,
And the click of 'is mare's 'eels sang back through the frostiness. I trotted on with a phiz all a-smile.
With friendship, and 'ope, and good thoughts of the morrow at TOFF's with 'is "doll" and 'is POLL and 'is pipe.
And TOFF—well, that old gent just "treated" 'im—Christmassy! Ah! and the drink got poor TOFF in its gripe.

Ramped 'ome, ran wild, and run over a kiddy! It broke 'im, the pain and disgrace of *that* drunk;
All tried to cheer 'im, and 'elp 'im, but no, it struck 'ome to TOFF's 'eart, and 'e sunk and 'e sunk. [suicide. Gentlemen all,
'Elpless, and 'opeless, and reckless, and ended a drink-sodden
That came of too liberal Christmassy "treating." And now, p'r'aps, you'll go and just keep up the ball!

Nevertheless, notwithstanding, for all that, at any rate, anyhow, Christmas *ain't* folly,
Despite bilious Billy; and most people love it, and will do, whilst jolly keeps rhyming with holly.
Laughter's contagious, and tips *do* come 'andy, and Cabby's as fond as 'is fares of good cheer;
But "nips"—well, *I* says give their value in cash, gents, and Cabby will wish you a 'Appy New Year!

BRAVO, YOUNG 'UNS!

Young Cubs. "WELL DONE, DAD! WE'LL STICK TO YOU!"
British Lion. "THANK YOU, MY BOYS! I NEVER DOUBTED IT!"

"THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE."

(*New Version.*)

THE other morning I was digging up my tulips, and trying to think of a rhyme to *Clematis Jackmannii*—what an unpoetic name!—when VERONICA brought me a large letter. Glancing at the envelope, I perceived that it came from the Lord Chamberlain's office. As I was anxious to finish my gardening, I exclaimed "*Litera scripta manet*," and continued digging.

"You had better open it," said VERONICA.

I did so. They wanted another Ode. How tiresome! I was forced to leave my tulips, and, merely looking at my *Gaillardia grandiflora*, *Helenium Pumilum*, *Eryngium amethystinum*, and *Centaurea macrocephela*, to go indoors and write. It was a perfect afternoon, at the end of May, and I should have preferred to stay in the garden that I love, and think of some unofficial verses to my first *Gloire de Dijon* rose. Alas! "*Autre temps, autres vers.*" It is all Official Odes now. I only wish "the Post" was not a fiction, and then I could turn him on to the Lord Chamberlain's work. As I sauntered sadly to the house, I met LAMIA.

"Can you come for a walk?" she asked.

"*Eheu!*" I answered, speaking to her in Latin, as I usually do, which sometimes appears odd, since she does not understand a word, "*Eheu, non ego! Nunc semper scribo. Non est omne beerus et skittlei.*"

"Another ode, I suppose. You don't seem very cheerful since you became Laureate."

"Ah no!" I murmured. "I can say with DANTE, '*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, ch'entrate!*' I get no time for gardening now."

"Never mind the Ode. Come and take a walk in the orchard, and do try to speak English."

It was a great temptation—I mean the walk. The weather was perfect; my flowers were delightful; my companion was more so.

"Ah, LAMIA," I exclaimed; "I use so much English in the official odes, that talking Latin is a relief. I fear I have no time. 'Tempt not a desperate man.' Would you wish me to defy the Lord Chamberlain?"

I regret to say that she spoke disrespectfully of the Lord Chamberlain. At times she is frivolous. She said "Bother him!"

"Forgive me," I ventured to remark, "if I deprecate such language in reference to my official superior. He only does his duty. I wish it was not so irksome to me to do mine. Once I could enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, and now it is all *dignitas* with no *otium* whatever. I begin to hate poetry."

"Yes, but this ode can wait," she said; "you must come for a walk now."

"Dear LAMIA," I exclaimed, "*odi et amo*"——

"I can guess what that means," she interrupted; "odes and something."

"Not exactly," I said, "I will teach you the verb *amo*. It is a very pretty one. Let us begin now, as we walk in the orchard."

At that moment VERONICA brought me a telegram, from the Lord Chamberlain, as usual. It said "Please send immediately poem ordered this morning." There was no help for it. LAMIA walked alone. She herself once said "Love is a literary invention." On this occasion, at least, literary invention was not love.

Street Serio (*singing*). "ER—YEW WILL THINK HOV ME AND LOVE ME HAS IN DIES HOV LONG AGO-O-O!"

GOOD OLD DUTCH!

(*A Song à la Chevalier, by a Cockney Cosmopolitan, whose patriotism is, perhaps, none the more vulgar for putting Queen Victoria's wisdom into the Vernacular.*)

["The peace of South Africa and the harmonious co-operation of the British and Dutch races, which is necessary for its future development and prosperity."—*Her Majesty's Message to President Krüger.*]

AIR—"*My Old Dutch.*"

PRESIDENT, old pal,
'Ere's to yer! Some may doubt yer,
Boss of that Trans-va-al,
But *I* likes some things about yer
It's many years since fust we met.
We've rapped and scrapped a bit—you bet!
But lor! "We may be 'appy yet,"
Pipes my old gal.

Chorus.—We've knowed each other now for many a year,
And each 'eld 'tother axed too much,
But as we're bound to live in the same land,
Let's shake 'ands on it, Good Old Dutch!

That Trans-va-*al*
Ain't no Great Sahairer,
Let's share, as pal with
Go fair, and I'll try fairer.
We ain't quite hangels—I talks tart,
At jawin' you're a mite too smart;
Still, "Scrappers may be spoons—at 'eart!
Sings my old gal.

Chorus.—We've got to live as neighbours, yus for years;
Ain't we showed fists a mite too much?
Let Boers and Britishers go 'and in 'and,
Spite that real (crowned) "Outlander,"
Good Old Dutch!

WOMAN.

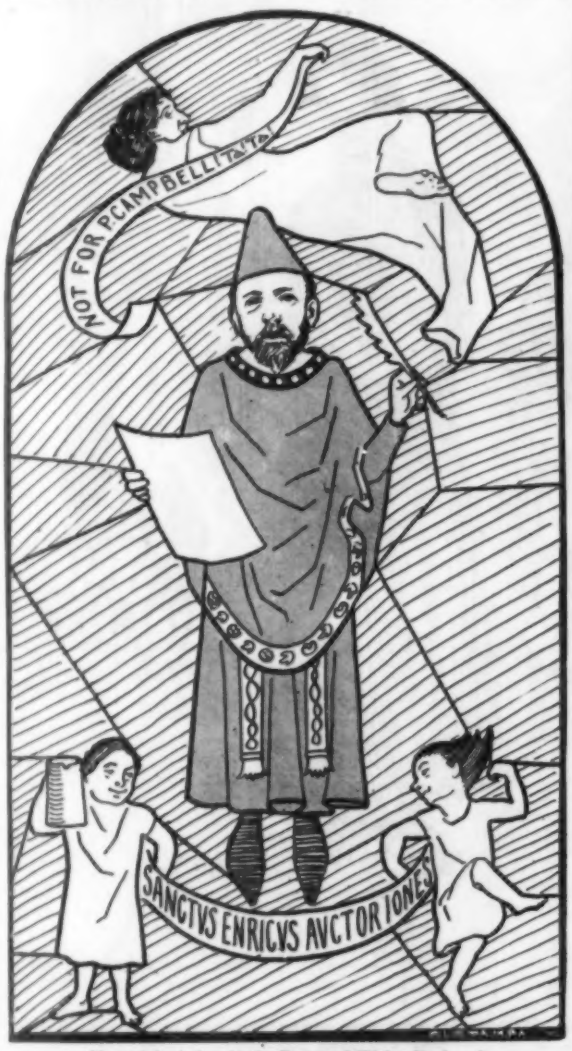
"FAIR woman was made to bewitch."—
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse,
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing or curse;
Fair woman was made to be—which?

ALTERATION OF SIGNATURE.—An inquiring mind wrote to the *Daily News* last Saturday asking when Plow Monday was? Is it always fixed for a certain date, which might fall on a Tuesday, or is it invariably the first Monday after Twelfth Day, and so forth, as almanacks, like lawyers, differ among themselves on this point. The writer signed himself "ALFRED SUTTON." But in this instance it would have been more appropriate had he signed himself either "Only 'ALF SUTTON," or "ALFRED Rather Un-SUTTON."

MEEK MIKE AND HIS ARCH ANGEL.

NOTICE.—*During the run of the* Reverend ENRY HAUTHOR JONES's *ecclesiastical drama, "Orders" will be admitted if proved as having been regularly and canonically conferred. Beadles-in-waiting to eject any brawler.*

THE cumbersome title, *Michael and his Lost Angel*, suggests an



Memorial window in the Reverend Michael's church.

irreverent muddle-headedness, as though ENRY HAUTHOR JONES had, with his goose-quill, aimed at a pun flying, and cleverly missed it. Was it the result of a Michaelmas-day feast? Did the author and manager-actor dine together on goose day, and did the latter take in with a relish all the stuffing provided by the artful dramatist? The production of such a play as this must surely be the result of some weird compact made between *Forbes Robertson-Faust* and *Jones-Mephistopheles?* Is it a strange case of hypnotism? Is *Trilby-Robertson* under the magnetic influence of *Svengali-Jones?* Only on some such hypothesis is it possible to account for the acceptance and production of so poor a play as this. Undramatic in its lack of action and situation and its flimsy sketchiness of character: uninteresting in its principal characters: and nonsensical when measured by probabilities. Had he devised a plot of *Harlequin and his Lost Columbine*, founded on the *Pagliacci*, there would have been a great chance for genuine pathos; but could ENRY HAUTHOR have touched the humour of it?

The Reverend Michael makes the daughter of a humble dependent of his do public penance in church for the sin of having "gone wrong" privately. ENRY HAUTHOR says he has authority for this; and I remember some such case being reported. I suppose "the 'Bishop' would have had a word to say to that." In brief, *Parson Michael*, having compelled this modern JANE SHORE in the person of *Rose Gibbard* (very prettily played by Miss SARAH BROOKE) to do public penance, himself falls a victim to the wiles of a gay lady, *Audrie Lesden*, a married woman, living in single cussedness, and presumably posing as a widow; a most difficult part, very cleverly rendered by Miss MARION TERRY. In fact, throughout, the acting is excellent; that of Mr. W. MACKINTOSH as the tit-for-tatting father of the doubly victimised girl being especially good.

The gay unattached lady pursues the innocent curate,—the *mondaine* she-wolf determined to prey upon the innocent clerical lamb,—to a desert island, most difficult of access and only visited occasionally by excursion steamers, where the reverend gentleman, in order to devote himself more entirely to his parochial work at home, has built himself a house containing two cosy bachelor rooms, one of which is the breadth, height, and half the depth of the Lyceum stage; and in this snuggery of *Little Michael-all-Alone* suddenly appears *Mrs. Audrie Lesden*. There is no boat to take her away: the steamers have gone. They are alone together on the island. They are in the situation of *Helen Rolleston* and the *Reverend Robert Penfold* in READE and BOUCICAULT's novel, *Foul Play:* in the situation, not for weeks or months, but "for one night only." There *are* two separate rooms; and even if there were not, the *Reverend Michael* could have said to himself, "Outside, Sir, outside," and virtuously, in accordance with saintly precedents, could have walked about till daylight did appear, and then, with his excellent antecedents and an irreproachable reputation in his favour, he had only to return, tell his simple story, fetch the lady back, and be believed by all his parishioners. Isn't that clear? And it is at this point that I recalled the personality of Mr. PENLEY as the *Reverend Robert Spalding* (who like the *Reverend Michael* "didn't like London"), and wished that *he* could have been seen by a delighted public in the awkward predicament of Mr. JONES's Curate, when (to quote the title of an old farce with a motive similar to that of the situation in this play) *Locked in with a Lady*.

Of course, when the *Reverend Mike* finds that the lady is a married woman, and that her husband is on the spot, he foresees that he may be landed in the Divorce Court. This is undoubtedly awkward; but it forms no part of the motive of the play. Then he decides upon making a public confession of his guilt, in his own parish church, before a congregation assembled to witness the ceremony of the "dedication." This ceremony is the occasion of a display of the most ornate ritual known in the highest of ritualistic churches, Mr. DOLLING's not excepted; but this simple-minded curate out-Dollies DOLLING, and "goes one better" by inducing a Bishop, presumably his own Bishop, to be present in full canonicals, mitred and moustachioed, and solfully prepared for what the *Reverend Michael*, in a cope, is going to do, that his Right Reverence evinces no sort of surprise when the *Reverend Michael* steps forward, makes public confession of his sin, throws off his cope (why "cope," which is only permitted in state ceremonies to the higher clergy, and on certain occasions in a college chapel?), and stalks out of church, leaving the Right Reverend Super, attendant clergy, and Mr. STEADMAN's tuneful choir to continue the service as if nothing out-of-the-way had occurred!

Tips for the Piece.
Last Act: Reverend Forbes Feveraham-Robertson going for a "last buss to the Angel."

Then the *Reverend Michael* visits his uncle, the monk, at Majanoin Italy, and hither, too, comes *Audrie Lesden*, widow, and invalided. Her manner of death in her reverend lover's arms somewhat resembles that of *Frou-Frou*. Her highly conscientious and

exceptionally religious lover allows this *Frou-Frou* to die in his arms without "the benefit of clergy," although his uncle, the priest, is within call, and quite ready for the office. "Take me and do with me what you will, so long as I may ultimately rejoin *her* wherever she has gone," are, in effect, his last words, which imply the condition on which alone he will become a convert to the ancient faith of his fathers—and of his uncle. But why not join the company of the faithful in Wellington Street, and become an "Irvingite"?

That Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON is as good as he can be, and far better than the part, goes without saying; but how he arrived at producing this play will, it is probable, remain a mystery until he favours the world with his reminiscences. THE OTHER JONES.

TO KATE.

IF you think me shallow, KATE,
I myself must vindicate.
All to you I'll allocate;
We will form a syndicate.

Do not then prevaricate,
If to wed you're ready, KATE;
You I wish to marry, KATE,
And my life to dedicate.

WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR IT!—A "disappointed contributor" said that his editor was "subject to fits of rejection."

THE HIGHEST RULING POWER IN U. S. AMERICA.—"Precedent MUSROE."

THE LAST DAY OF THE MISTLETOE.

ADOLPHUS AND DOLLY CONFIDE TO EACH OTHER THEIR OPINION AS TO "THE AGE OF LOVE."

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

(*New Version. Communicated from the Shades by that true British Patriot, if fervent Scots poet, Robbie Burns.*)

O, RATTLIN', roarin' WILLIE,
Do pray keep on your hair!
An' no wi' matters meddle
Which are your Grandma's care.
Ye're fain to play first fiddle,
Wherever you may be;
But rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,
That's simply fiddledee!

O WILLIE, lay down your fiddle,
O drop your fiddle sae fine!
Or else reserve that fiddle
For watches by the Rhine!
Unless you drop that fiddle
The warl' may deem ye mad,
For mony a rantin' day, WILLIE,
Your fiddle and you hae had!

As I cam down the Solent,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,
Was sitting at our board 'en.
Sitting at BULL's board 'en
Amang princely companie;
O rattlin', roarin' WILLIE
Your welcome was fair an' free!

O rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,
Is your return as fair?
O drop that noisy fiddle,
An' buy some other ware!
But put by that first fiddle
In Uncle's companie,
And rattlin', roarin' WILLIE,
Right welcome still ye'll be!

Alas!

SHE was a cruel, heartless lass,
As ever man could find;
Yet I suppose that she could pass
To all as woman *kind*.

A REVIEW OF LITERARY FORCES.

AT the commencement of the year the Baron, having ordered out his Literary Forces and reviewed his noble shelves, issues this General Order:—"I am struck with admiration for the development of what I may term the utility business in the publishing, not only of novels, but of all kinds of valuable literature. I have passed in review a splendid force of the 'Charles Kingsley's Own,' organised and commanded by General MACMILLAN; while under General WARD, Colonel LOCK, and other distinguished officers appears a regiment, not the less valuable because showy, of 'Henry Kingsley's Light Horse.' The 'True Blues, or Charlotte Yonge Forces,' make a fine display in the service of the MACMILLAN Company. The 'William Black Watch' march past with a breezy step to the tune of '*Far Lochaber*,' and wearing their *Three Feathers*, with *One White One*. They are marshalled in order by Lieut.-Col. SIMPSON LOW, who personally leads that fine body of Horse Marines, the 'Clark Russell Rovers.' But of all the regiments of volumes most serviceable for campaigning commend me," quoth the Baron, "to the Picked 'Pocket Volume Regiments.' They form a small, compact army in themselves, excellently officered, ready for outpost, skirmishing, sharpshooting, and any handy duties which heavier-weighted volumes could not perform. At the head, in deep red, with gold ornamentation on their backs, and light blue silken bookmarkers for colours, bearing proudly the motto '*Non Sans Droict*,' comes the 'Temple Shakspeare Regiment'; perfect type; excellent notes; ready to travel anywhere; always handy by road, river, or rail, never in the way, brought into the field of practical itinerary study by Colonel DENT of Aldine House, with invaluable texted weapons from the Cantabrigian armouries of Messrs. MACMILLAN and ALDIS WRIGHT. Let the attention of all who love their SHAKSPEARE handy, and who are contented to travel about with one play at a time, turn their attention to this most useful series.

"Then march along, in a long line, the 'Dark Blue Guards,' or 'Literary Household Brigade,' started by CASSELL & Co., a gallant corps that admits volunteers from all regions of literature into its ranks, so that their range of marksmanry is world-wide, co-extensive with British Rule, and therefore might well bear the title of 'The Windsor Cassell Series.' These also are *argumenta ad pocketa*, and within an eighth of an inch as pocketable as the Shakspearian Regiment aforesaid. And what names are to be found on these regimental lists? MACAULAY, DICKENS, SILVIO PELLICO, LA MOTTE FOUQUE, PLUTARCH, BOCCACCIO, WASHINGTON IRVING, MARCO POLO (with, of course, directions how to play it), STEELE, and ADDISON. Then FRANKLIN, SWIFT, with BUNYAN (enough to make SWIFT limp), XENOPHON, and BACON (a real literary dish, as a treat), after which ask for MORE (Sir THOMAS), and see that you get it. 'There's a picture for you!' And the price sixpence each in cloth; threepence in paper; which, with the usual discount for cash, means thirty volumes for half a sovereign; and of such a whole sovereign reigning over Utopia might be proud. All these are at the command of General Public, on the March of Intellect to join forces with General Knowledge. They defile past, salute, and are saluted in turn most heartily by "F. M. THE BARON."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL MEM.—Great discoveries are coming to light as regards the Chapel of the Rolls. No doubt the Buttresses will soon be found. Its architectural construction would have been imperfect without these, which would have constituted it The Rolls and Butteresses Chapel. Here a full dole of rolls and butter was given to every unbreakfasted applicant. In *Wagge's Ancient History*, advertised as "Jest out," it is recorded how there was "one Chap ill of the Hot Rolls and Butteresses; and how after a 'full dole' he became 'dole-ful.'"

CHANCE OF A NOVELTY NOT TO BE LOST.—From a recent number of the *Manchester Guardian* we extract this advertisement—

ARE You Giving a Party?—Gentleman, accomplished musician, with unexceptionable references, accepts invitations to professionally attend Evening Parties or Entertainments, to accompany soup, play dance music or solos, sing refined humorous songs à la Grossmith, *&c.*—Address, *&c.*

"An accomplished musician" to "accompany soup"! There's a treat! What's the tune? What's the instrument?

TITLE FOR THE COLONIAL SECRETARY WHEN RAISED TO THE PEERAGE.—"Lord JOE-HANNESBURG."

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Fair (and immensely successful) Novelist. "AND NOW THAT YOU 'VE BOUGHT MY NEW NOVEL, MR. BRADALL, AND WE 'VE SIGNED THE AGREEMENT, MAY I ASK IF IT 'S TRUE THAT YOU DON'T ALLOW YOUR WIFE AND DAUGHTERS TO READ MY BOOKS? I WAS TOLD SO LAST NIGHT."

Eminent Publisher. "A—A—A—MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—A—YOUR ADMIRABLY EXPRESSED BUT EXTREMELY ADVANCED VIEWS ON THE—A—THE *SEX* QUESTION, DON'T YOU KNOW—A—RENDER IT SOMEWHAT INEXPEDIENT FOR ME TO—A—TO—A—— MY DAUGHTERS, THOUGH MARRIED, ARE STILL YOUNG. MY WIFE IS NO LONGER SO—A—BUT ALTOGETHER, AS THE FATHER OF A FAMILY, YOU KNOW —A—I THINK THAT——"

Fair Novelist. "YOU 'RE QUITE RIGHT. *I* UNDERSTAND, AND AM VERY SORRY AND ASHAMED! BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THERE 'S NOT A LINE IN THE BOOK YOU 'VE JUST BOUGHT THAT MIGHTN'T BE READ BY A *GIRL OF FIFTEEN!*"

[*Hearing this, Eminent Publisher pulls such a long face that we've been obliged to turn his head the other way.*

A JOURNALISTIC JUBILEE.

[On the 21st inst. the *Daily News* completed its fiftieth year, celebrating the occasion of this anniversary by the issue of an extremely interesting Jubilee Number.]

"LIBERAL Progress throughout the world!"
Fine theme for a fifty years' retrospect, verily!
DICKENS the *Daily News* flag first unfurled,
To-day, under ROBINSON, floating right merrily.
Long may it wave! Bright spirits and brave,
Since genial "BOZ," have fought under that banner.
Green hang the laurels o'er many a grave
Of friends who have fallen. In time-honoured manner
To all such loved memories silently drink,
But brim a brisk cup, with a cheer, to the living! [brink,
Punch fills his own beaker to bubble-crowned
His toast of "Long Life to the *Daily News!*" giving.
He, too, had his Jubilee,—not long ago,—
And knows the mixed feelings, triumphant and tender,
Of those who look back, with a choke and a glow,
O'er all that a fifty years' service can render
To Freedom and Progress, by wisdom or wit;
For liberal souls blend good sense with gay laughter;
And follies by eloquence missed are hard hit,
Sometimes, by the shaft of keen mirth that flies after.
To wield blade and bauble is given to some,
As proven by pens known to both of our pages.
Political *nous* has no need to look glum,
And motley may sometimes be stooped to by sages.
From DICKENS to LUCY, my dear *Daily News*,
Your columns of this furnish witness perennial. [Muse
Punch drinks to your Jubilee now! May his
Have as pleasant a theme when you touch the Centennial!

QUERY.—A livery-stable keeper advertises: "*During the summer months the Coachmen wear Boots and Breeches, for which one shilling extra is charged.*" Highly respectable, as is also the charge. But are not these more necessary in winter? If they wear boots and breeches *in summer only*, what do they do *without them in winter?*

AN ECHO.

His Ideal (*as she dismisses him*). "No! Go!"
He (*as he reaches the door*). "No Go!"

STILL TO BE ASKED.—About Dr. JIM's march we know something, but not all. We can trace his general line of country, but how about the Rhodes?

THE LAW AND THE LAUNDRY.

["I should not be ashamed of being called a laundress's son, if it were true, as I have known very many laundresses in my time."—*Lord Esher.*]

YES, bound together by one rope
The two professions march;
Some Judges know the use of "soap,"
And more the use of "starch."

And when a Counsel, not too cute,
Gets facts into a tangle,
Their Lordships know, beyond dispute,
That muddler how to "mangle."

The useful laundress much 'twould grieve
If shirts were in arrears;
While suits entire our Judges leave
To be "hung up" for years.

Then is there not a host of "stuffs"
Would, were it no disgrace,
Prefer the "getting up" of cuffs
To getting up a case?

But—this remark the Bench can quash
Should it be judged as sland'ry,—
If there's one thing that "will not wash,"
'Tis pride based on the laundry.

LAPSUS CALAMI.—The Poet-Laureate disavows the statement, erroneously attributed to him, that he is about to relinquish the pen for the sword on being gazetted to the QUEEN'S Bays.

"RAPPROCHEMENT."

JOHN BULL (*aside*). "SHE'S RATHER AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN!" MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*aside*). "TIENS! APRÈS TOUT, IL N'EST PAS SI MAL!"

"We are on excellent terms with the French, and greatly appreciate the value of their regard."—*Times, January* 16.

"It will be noticed that some of the French papers protest that there is no *rapprochement*. Possibly *rapprochement* does not in Paris bear the meaning it conveys to us in London. But when two Powers which have bickered . . . suddenly discover that these differences are quite capable of adjustment . . . the substantial reality of the facts is so unmistakable that we do not care to quibble about words."
Westminster Gazette, January 18.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERY.

THANKS TO THE DISCOVERY OF PROFESSOR RÖNTGEN, THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILL NOW BE ABLE TO OBTAIN AN EXACT PHOTOGRAPH OF A "BACKBONE" OF UNSUSPECTED SIZE AND STRENGTH!

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

[Professor RÖNTGEN, of Würzburg, has discovered how to photograph through a person's body, giving a picture only of the bones.]

O, RÖNTGEN, then the news is true,
And not a trick of idle rumour,
That bids us each beware of you,
And of your grim and graveyard humour.

We do not want, like Dr. SWIFT,
To take our flesh off and to pose in
Our bones, or show each little rift
And joint for you to poke your nose in.

We only crave to contemplate
Each other's usual full-dress photo;
Your worse than "altogether" state
Of portraiture we bar *in toto!*

The fondest swain would scarcely prize
A picture of his lady's framework;
To gaze on this with yearning eyes
Would probably be voted tame work!

No, keep them for your epitaph,
These tombstone-souvenirs unpleasant;
Or go away and photograph
Mahatmas, spooks, and Mrs. B-s-nt!

The Cry of a Hungry Biped.

["On New Year's Day a number of ladies and gentlemen went to Acton, where the horses and donkeys at the Home of Rest where regaled with a dinner of carrots, bread, apples, and sugar."]

FOR four-legg'd beasts there 's lots of stuff,
But not for this barbarian.
Oh! would that I were ass enough,
To be a Vegetarian.

"INQUIRER" wishes to know if the war-song of the troops under the command of Dr. JAMESON is "*Jimmy on the 'shoot,' Boys!*"?

CONDENSED CONFIDENCE.

(*A Let'er for Ladies.*)

MY DEAR ETHELINDA,—We have been quite gay this week. Aunt JEMIMA gave a Cinderella on Tuesday, and all our friends assembled in great force. There were some novel and becoming dresses. I especially noticed a sweet harmony in yellow and green chiffon, the skirt being caught up with bunches of real Mandarin oranges. The wearer was a young Countess, whose portrait was rejected at the Academy the year before last. A pretty, sallow girl, with a nose rather too *prononcé*, was gowned in brick-dust *bigogne*, the *ceinture* of Marie Thérèse blue, with a short fluted *basque* of gamboge. She wore Spanish chestnuts in the prickly pod arranged as a bouquet, and the *ensemble* was quite too perfect. Very striking, too, was a costume of toad-brown velvet, the broad *évêque* empire *corsage* terminating with a sharp *grand monarque* point, fastening on the right side with a cluster of marigolds, dahlias, and forget-me-nots.

On Wednesday ERMYNTRUDE and I went to Lady CALLIPER's ball. A Russian Princess created quite a sensation by appearing in a black satin *cosaque*, embroidered in gold, and ornamented with malachite chains. I confess that the arrangement seemed to me somewhat *outré*, and not to be compared to the Duchess of BRIGHTON's creation of peat-coloured Patagonian *tulle* cut *à la belle Margot*, with *revers en cascade* of Honiton lace and endless wreaths of bottle-green carnations. On Thursday Uncle NOLL took us to the New Gallery, where I came across two very original *toques*, one being formed of the skin of a Tweed salmon with the scales perfectly preserved, the *entourage* being artificial flies; the other constructed of marmoset fur with the head in front *en lion*, the eyes being emeralds, while the tail of the monkey was brought over the left shoulder *à l'Impératrice*, and terminated with a wee crystal watch. Uncle NOLL made us feel very uncomfortable by repeatedly asking where the show of Spanish liquorice could be found.

On Friday we had to get some presents for ANGELINA's birthday, and at CUTPURSE AND DUVAL'S I found such a delightful blotting-book, made of Thibet beech—a rich red wood, very like mahogany. The charm of the thing is that, directly the book is opened, out jumps a grand lama (the inkstand) with a penholder in his mouth, ready for use. ERMYNTRUDE bought a silver-guilt tortoise, which, on pressing a spring, puts out its head, and becomes a toast-rack. CHARLEY asked me to get him a gift as well (the poor fellow is working night and day on a starvation salary at the Colonial Office); so we went to ROLLICK AND RASPER'S, where, after giving a great deal of trouble to the very gentlemanlike young men who serve, we selected a very useful article—an umbrella, with a handle holding a knife, fork, spoon, and toothpick, all in silver. One of the young men who waited on us is so like the Duke of PIMLICO, but perhaps more *distingué*. Naughty E. says, "*Noblesse oblige.*"

Last night we had a box at the Adelphi, and thought that Mr. TERRISS, in his kilt, was very like his daughter ELLALINE, whose photograph I sent you as a Christmas card. We could not help clapping our hands at the patriotic speeches, just to show how we hated the Boers, though, to be sure, the play is all about Egypt. *Mais, ma mie la patrie toujours la patrie.* Here is a good recipe for luncheon. Take half a dozen eggs, a pot of caviare, and the insides of six Spanish onions. Let them simmer together for four hours. Then add an ounce of cinnamon, two pickled walnuts, and three nutmegs. Meantime stew a bladebone of beef with a pound of Perigoid truffles and a bottle of champagne. Mingle the contents of the two *casseroles* together, boil, and serve with slices of French bread *en branche*. You will find this an economical and appreciated *plat*.

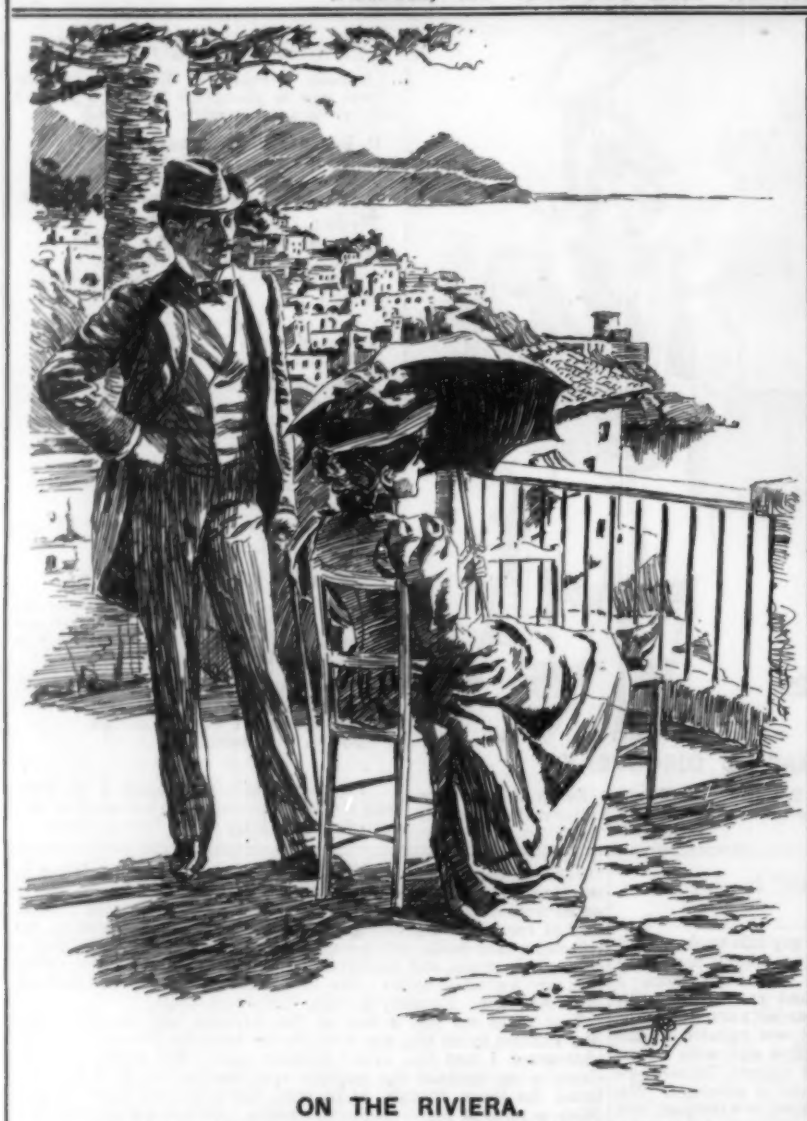
We all hope that this dreadful disagreement with the EMPEROR will not prevent our going to Homburg this year. *Mais Dieu dispose!* Ever, dear, Your loving Cousin, KADJ.

A Birthday Card.

To William II., German Emperor, King of Prussia; born, January 27, 1859.

ALL hail to thee, great Kaiser King!
Away with melancholy!
Time flies with telegraphic wing,
And sometimes, too, does Folly.

INOPPORTUNE PUBLICATION.—Sir,—I see an advertisement of "*Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language.*" Surely, Sir, never at any time, but least of all just now, should there be found in our vocabulary any such word as "Funk"? Yours, JINGO DE JINGO.



ON THE RIVIERA.

She. "I WONDER WHAT MAKES THE MEDITERRANEAN LOOK SO BLUE!"
He. "YOU 'D LOOK BLUE IF YOU HAD TO WASH THE SHORES OF ITALY!"

A LAY OF THE UNION JACK.

(*By a Patriotic Cockney.*)

THOUGH I feel less at home on the bounding wave
Than I do on the firm dry land,
I can spin you a yarn of a right good craft
That is true-British owned and manned.
The winds may blow, and the storms may beat,
And the hurricanes rage and roar,
But "the ship I love" on her course will hold
With the Union Jack at the fore.

Fair weather or foul, she ploughs along,
Leaving far astern the strand,
And many a towering sister bark
We pass on the starboard hand.
And, Westward ho! as we bear away,
I can count stout ships galore,
Abeam, in our wake, and ahead, that fly
The Union Jack at the fore.

And the sight of the flag that has swept the seas,
Nor ever has known disgrace,
Makes even a landlubber's bosom swell
With the pride of his English race.
At that gallant sight in my landsman's heart
I rejoice—and rejoice still more
That I 'm only aboard of a road-car 'bus,
With the Union Jack at the fore!

VIVE L'EMPEREUR.—It is a hopeful sign in these times of European trouble to know that our old and esteemed friend NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY has been "appointed to the vacant Taxing Mastership." He will be anything but a "vacant" taxing master. For this motive he quits the firm of BOLTON AND MOTH; so the castle of business in which he was one of the towers of strength is still protected by the MOTH. May the new Taxing Master not overtax his strength! And so *Moth it be!*

DICKENS UP TO DATE;

Or, Fiction repeats itself.

IT was four in the afternoon, and MRS. WITITTERLY reclined, according to custom, on the drawing-room sofa, while KATE read aloud the first part of a romantic novel in the newest fashionable quarterly, entitled *The Savoy*, which ALPHONSE the doubtful had procured from the library that very morning. . . . KATE read on:—

"*Before a toilet that shone like the Altar of Nôtre Dame des Victoires, Helen was seated in a little dressing-gown of black and heliotrope. The coiffeur Cosmé was caring for her scented chevelure, and with tiny silver tongs, warm from the caresses of the flame, made delicious intelligent curls, that fell as lightly as a breath about her forehead and over her eyebrows, and clustered like tendrils round her neck. Her three favourite girls, Pappelarde, Blanchemains and Loreyne, waited immediately upon her with perfume and powder in delicate façons and frail cassolettes, and held in porcelain jars the ravishing paints prepared by Châteline for those cheeks and lips that had grown a little pale with anguish of exile. . . . Millamant held a slight tray of slippers, Minette some tender gloves, La Popelinière—mistress of the robes—was ready with a frock of yellow and yellow, La Zambinella bore the jewels, Florizel some flowers, Amadour a box of various pins, and Vadius a box of sweets. . . .*

"'*Cosmé,' said Helen, 'you have been quite sweet and quite brilliant, you have surpassed yourself to-night.'*

"'*Madame flatters me,' replied the antique old thing, with a girlish giggle under his black satin mask. . . .*

"*Helen slipped away the dressing-gown, rose before the mirror in a flutter of frilled things, and called Millamant to bring her the slippers.*

"*The tray was freighted with the most exquisite and shapely pantoufles, sufficient to make Cluny a place of naught. There were shoes of grey and black and brown suède, of white silk and rose satin, and velvet and sarcenet; there were some of seagreen sewn with cherry blossoms, some of red with willow branches, and some of grey with bright-winged birds. There were heels of silver, of ivory, and of gilt; there were buttons so beautiful that the buttonholes might have no pleasure till they closed upon them; there were soles of delicate leathers scented with maréchale, and linings of soft stuffs scented with the juice of July flowers. But Helen, finding none of them to her mind, called for a discarded pair of blood-red maroquin, diapered with pearls. These looked very distinguished over her white silk stockings.*

"*Meantime, La Popelinière stepped forward with the frock.*

"'*I shan't wear one to-night,' said Helen. Then she slipped on her gloves.*"

"Oh, charming!" interrupted KATE's patroness, who was sometimes taken literary. "Poetic, really. Read that description again, Miss NICKLEBY."

KATE complied.

"Sweet, indeed!" said MRS. WITITTERLY, with a sigh. "So voluptuous, is it not? So soft?"

"Yes, I think it is," replied KATE, gently; "very soft."

"Close the book, Miss NICKLEBY," said MRS. WITITTERLY. "I can hear nothing more to-day. I should be sorry to disturb the impression of that sweet description. Close the book."

Kate complied, not unwillingly.

Nicholas Nickleby, Chap. XXVIII.
(*mutatis mutandis*).

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

His Honour. "H'M! WILL YOU KINDLY RAISE YOUR VEIL. I FIND IT EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO—H'M—*HEAR* ANYONE DISTINCTLY WITH THOSE THICK VEILS——"

"ER—ER—*THANK YOU!* SILENCE! I WILL NOT HAVE THIS COURT TURNED INTO A PLACE OF AMUSEMENT!"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

STRAINED RELATIONS IN THE KENNEL.

I AM beginning to experience some of the uncomfortable results of educating my dogs up to the *Spectator* standard, and, in order that others may take warning ere it is too late, I propose to set down a brief history of what has happened during the past week amongst the highly-intelligent dogs who have kindly agreed to share with me my humble dwelling, and to leave for my use one or two of the most uncomfortable chairs to be found in it. I need scarcely say that the sofas and armchairs have long ago been recognised as the exclusive property of the dogs.

OF course, everybody knows that if dogs are only allowed to live long enough in the society of human beings, they eventually reach such a high pitch of intelligence that they begin to feel the want of speech. The scope of their feelings, their desires, and their thoughts becomes enlarged, and they yearn for some more accurate medium of expression than is afforded by barking, tail-wagging, or scratching at a door, eloquent as these may sometimes be made. (Has anybody, by the way, ever owned a dog who did not constantly post himself on the wrong side of a door? A considerable part of my life is spent in getting up and opening doors for dogs. No matter how carefully I may inveigle the dogs into a room, the result is always the same. In the space of five minutes after I have sat down and composed myself every dog will, by some magic means, have vanished, and a furious scratching or a melancholy whining will announce that they all wish to come back again. So when I have left the house with apparently the whole pack, a few seconds afterwards the vision of two or three excited dog-faces at the garden-window, and a series of agonised ululations will prove to me that some of them must have run back at the last moment—probably to fetch whatever is the canine equivalent of a handkerchief or a matchbox. This, however, as I have said, is by the way.)

Dogs, then, understanding more or less what is said to them, and recognising in speech the best method of expression, begin, after a time, to want to be able to speak. Fortunately I have managed, to some extent, as I explained some weeks ago, to gratify this wish by means of the Canine Cogitatograph, or thought-register, adapted to dogs of all breeds and sizes. A curious indirect result of this contrivance has been, however, that my dogs, as the sequel will show, are able not only to communicate their thoughts to me, but also to understand much more plainly all that I say, and to converse with one another with far greater force and variety than before. They are, in fact, becoming too human, and I am afraid I shall have to part with them. When I acquired them I looked for the companionship of real dogs, not of human beings disguised with four legs, tails, and fur coats.

I MUST explain again that my pack numbers five. There is *Nellie*, the deerhound, whose virtues I need not further describe, as she plays no part in the story I am about to tell. Then there are *Don* and *Roy*, the two St. Bernards, aged about twenty months. *Don* is an enormous animal, not yet fully developed, but weighing already eleven stone, and measuring very close on thirty-three inches at the shoulder. He is the kindest and best-tempered dog in the whole world, one huge lump of affectionate good nature. His brother *Roy* is a smaller, but perhaps a handsomer dog. His head is broader, his nose shorter, his body more compact, and his limbs, on the whole, better knit together. He is a dog of immense strength, and of a wild, teasing, romping disposition, rather shy with strangers, but very affectionate with his intimates. I think the soul of some high-spirited, clever, mischievous undergraduate has found its incarnation in *Roy*. There are deep wrinkles on his forehead and over his eyes that give his face a peculiar whimsical and pathetic expression. He has a great admiration and liking for the butcher, but, oddly enough, pursues the butcher's cart up the lane with a relentless animosity which is apt to terrify quiet people who meet him on one of these *razzias*. Both these dogs adore children; and it is a comical sight to see them standing one on each side of a youngster of five, and all but lifting him into the air as they lick his face with their great tongues. One other point about them deserves mention. They overflow with sympathy. You have only to sit down and pretend to cry or to be in pain to have them rushing across the room with howls, upsetting chairs or tables as they come, until they can smother you under an avalanche of clumsy caresses.

BEN, the retriever, is a quiet dog, devoted to his profession and very intelligent, a dog with deep, eloquent eyes, and a lustrous, wavy black coat. *Rufus*, the spaniel, is a brown dog, and supplies unconsciously the comic element in the kennel. He has the most absurd way of gazing at you with his bulging, amber eyes, while he wags his stump of a tail at the rate of about a million to the minute.

He is very affectionate and very jealous; a pat or a kind word to one of the other dogs is enough to arouse *Rufus* from the deepest slumber in order that he may at once claim his share of attention. He is also rather masterful, and being comparatively a little dog he is apt to resent the rough, good-humoured gambols of the St. Bernards. He is deeply convinced that he is superior to the whole of the rest of them put together.

Now I noticed during the last few days that *Rufus* has been employing his leisure in burying odd biscuits and stray bones in various parts of the garden. For instance, when I gave him a biscuit the other day, instead of eagerly scrunching it as is his custom, he kept it in his mouth, and looked at me with a conscious, half-guilty expression, wagging his tail furiously all the time. Obeying the dictates of good breeding, I withdrew, but not far enough to lose sight of *Rufus*, although I made sure that he was unable to see me. Having waited a short time he trotted off to a convenient flower-bed, and began to scrape a hole. In this he carefully deposited his biscuit and then set to work to rub the earth back with his broad and foolish brown nose. Having carefully smoothed the place all over he came back to me looking as if nothing had happened, though his tell-tale nose had upon it a pyramid of earth quite an inch high. It may be thought that *Rufus* buried these scraps of food in order to have a store for future emergencies. Not at all. I discovered that, to use his own expression, he had been "pegging out claims" in the garden, and by this time he imagines himself to have proprietary rights over the whole place.

WE have, of course, all been very much excited by the foreign intelligence of the past few weeks, and the other morning, while *Rufus* was apparently sleeping, someone read out aloud the German Emperor's extraordinary telegram to President KRÜGER. *Rufus* took no notice at the time, but, as the result shows, he had evidently heard, had been fired with admiration, and had resolved on the first opportunity to imitate. After lunch on the same day, *Ben* had retired to smoke a quiet bone in a corner of the garden that he particularly affects. *Roy*, who is, I am sorry to say, rather a greedy dog, observed the bone from a distance, and the waters of desire began to trickle from his mouth. He decided to make an attempt to possess himself of it. *Ben*, however, who had temporarily deposited his bone, was fully aware of what was passing in *Roy's* mind, and accordingly when *Roy* advanced, looking as if he had urgent business totally unconnected with a bone in that corner of the garden, *Ben* sprang up, and seized the invader by the ear. So resolute was the retriever's demeanour that *Roy*, oppressed with a sense of knavery, incontinently turned and fled. Here was *Rufus's* opportunity. That remarkable dog approached to within ten yards of *Ben*, looked at him steadily, barked twice, and then retired. This was what he had said; I read it off immediately on the Cogitatograph: "I congratulate you with all my heart on having repulsed dastardly invasion of *Rob-roy*, freebooter, without the intervention of any friendly powers. (Signed) *Rufus, R. & I.*" *Ben* had made a suitable reply to the effect that he would defend the independence of his beloved bone to his last gasp.

THE consequences of this ridiculous action on *Rufus's* part are very distressing. *Roy* and *Don*, who had of course heard the message delivered, are both furious. *Don* says that he is far from wishing to defend every action that *Roy* may take, but after all, blood is thicker than water, and he is not going to endure the preposterous airs of a bandy-legged upstart like *Rufus*. *Ben* is not too pleased. He says he can defend himself without the intervention of anybody, and has no intention of being patronised by *Rufus*. In fact, that unfortunate spaniel is at the present moment the most unpopular dog I have ever known, and all on account of a moment's rashness inspired by hearing the Emperor's telegram read aloud. I have had to give *Rufus* a room to himself, and to keep him carefully out of the way of the St. Bernards. I scarcely like to think what the end of it all may be.

OBJECT LESSONS FOR THE BAR.

SCENE—*A Court of Law. Judge on Bench. Solicitors in Well. Silks in the pew reserved for them. Back seats crowded with members of the Junior Bar.*

First Leader (rising and addressing the Court). I appear, my Lord, with my friends, Messrs. BLACKSTONE, COKE, BACON, HOLT, and LYTTLETON, for the plaintiff. (*Sits down.*)

Second Leader (following suit). And I, my Lord, with my friends, Messrs. BRIEFLESS, DUNUP, ROE, DOE, and JUSTINIAN COCKBURN, for the defendant.

The Judge (courteously). I do not wish to interfere at so early a stage. But I would suggest to learned counsel wearing silk, that there seems to me rather an excessive use of stuff in this matter.

[*Laughter.*

BELLICOSE PREPARATIONS.

THE PROPOSED GIRAFFE CORPS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

First Leader (smiling). I take your Lordship's meaning. But I would humbly suggest that in the course of my case I shall have to show a prize fight, when, for the purpose of illustration, I shall find the services of my friends who are associated with me invaluable. Many of my friends when at Cambridge were distinguished members of the A. D. C.

The Judge. Quite so. Of course you will use your discretion.

Second Leader. And as the matter has been mentioned, my Lord, I think it is only right to say that, as during the course of this case I shall have to show how a game of Nap was played, I cannot dispense with the services of my friends. I may mention that Mr. BRIEFLESS (whose face may possibly be better known to your Lordship than his voice) is a very clever amateur actor. During the last twenty or thirty years he has been giving readings of *Hamlet* and *Dazzle*, absolutely distinct from those made familiar to the public by Sir HENRY IRVING and the late Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS.

The Judge. I have not the least doubt of Mr. BRIEFLESS's ability, but I would point out that, as a rule, a Queen's Counsel is satisfied with the assistance of (at most) two members of the Junior Bar.

First Leader. Just so, my Lord. But no doubt it will be fresh in your Lordship's memory that recently Mr. AVORY showed how a suicide or murder might be committed in a cab with the assistance of his learned friend Mr. BIRON.* Now I would not for a moment suggest that the great dearth of business in these courts has anything to do with the matter, but it is undoubtedly open to observation that certainly anything that can be done to put business——

The Judge (interrupting). Yes, yes; I understand. But I am afraid that the matter may end in disappointment. But that is a point that the Taxing Master must decide.

Both Leaders. As your Lordship pleases.

[*Scene closes in upon the prospect of a coming contest "re costs."*

* *Daily Chronicle*, January 15, 1896.

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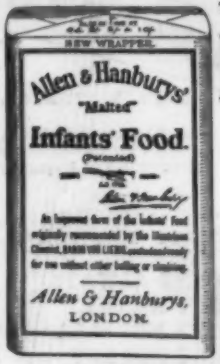

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